The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLIV **APRIL, 1936** **No. 10**

CALVARY AND EASTER

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day
Were just three days apart!
With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart is wrung,
As, lifted high upon His cross,
The Lord of Glory hung—
When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms
Stole forth in street and mart;
But Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day, and whitest day,
Were just three days apart.

—*Author Unknown.*

AN EASTER MESSAGE

"And they, when they had heard that he was alive, believed not." Mark 16:11.

We cannot wonder at their disbelief, for life is after all the hard thing to believe. Life, and not death, is the great mystery. A lifeless world, a lifeless clod, a lifeless form—there is nothing strange about that. For that is the original condition out of which everything has emerged. But that into this world or clod or form there should be breathed some astounding gift or quality that gave it movement and color and self-enlargement and intelligence and self-consciousness and aspiration—that is the everlasting wonder, the primal mystery, the marvel that takes away the breath and leaves us humbled and silent. Remembering this, we can sympathize with them for believing not. No matter how and where it shows itself, life is ever the hard thing to believe.

Yet, we know that this was hardly the cause of their disbelief. They were not metaphysicians. However mysterious life may be, they did not look upon it as a mystery. Its mystery was disguised by its familiarity, by their own possession of it. A living form was no marvel to them, just because they themselves were living forms. The marvel lay in the thought that a form, once alive, had been deprived of life, and then repossessed of life. That struck them as something incredible—that life should be given back, once it had been taken away. They did not stop to think that the restoration of life is no more wonderful than the original gift of life; that birth is as great a mystery as resurrection; and that if their minds could survive the mystery of an original birth they should really have no more difficulty, perhaps not as much difficulty, in surviving the mystery of resurrection. The amount of it is that they judged these things by the norm of familiarity. Birth, however mysterious, was familiar. Resurrection, even though it might be less mysterious, was unfamiliar. Hence when they were told of the resurrection they believed not. It did not fit into the conception of things which was familiar to them.

Perhaps Easter can do us no greater service than to shake us out of these limited, inadequate concepts of truth which mere familiarity builds up in our minds. And somehow it has become the function of Easter to do just that—to show us the purely relative validity of our working concepts and hypotheses, and to remind us that, useful, indispensable as these may be, they do not necessarily cover the whole field of truth.

So far as we know, things take place in certain ways. So far as we know, the principle of life requires an organism of

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matter in which to seat and manifest itself. So far as we know, such an organism, once deprived of the principle of life, is not thereafter repossessed. So far as we know: that is the foundation upon which we must erect our structures of reason and science, our societies and our customs. But Easter comes along, instinct with divine tenderness, and says, Dear Heart, so far as you know—Yes. But how little you know! Think of the limitless areas of reality that lie all about your little spot-light of human knowledge. Think of the undiscovered ways in which things may take place, in which life may manifest itself, in which personalities may live, in which your heart's dearest treasures may be preserved, in which your soul's beginnings may be carried on—ways that in no sense contradict the so-far-as-you-know methods that are familiar to you, but that simply augment or carry out those methods in realms of reality that lie beyond your present field of knowledge. Think of these things, and let your heart learn peace, and courage, and the quietness of faith, and humility.

It is an ineffably tender message that Easter brings. Perhaps its greatest tenderness lies in its call to humility of mind. Easter reminds us that So-far-as-we-know is after all not much to be proud of. There is so much to be known, which is just as true as the little we do know. And to that realm of the much-to-be-known our hungry hearts turn for their Easter promise of safety and fulfillment.

—*Rev. Charles E. Park, D.D.*

If you think you're too small to do big things, do small things in a big way.

THOREAU

"the nature philosopher"

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

The man is the richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.

Some would find fault with the morning-red, if they ever got up early enough. The faultfinder will find faults even in Paradise.

Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.

In the long-run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone.

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

What a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives.

Good poetry seems so simple and natural a thing that when we meet it we wonder that all men are not poets. Poetry is nothing but healthy speech.

Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. I have no wealth to bestow on him. If he knows that I am happy in loving him he will want no other reward. Is not friendship divine in this?

Live your life, do your work, then take your hat.

RAIN IN THE FOREST

A New Hampshire swamp is full of attractions at all seasons. In winter the great northern hares make innumerable paths across its soft snow. . . . In spring a host of migrating warblers makes merry in its treetops, and the song of the winter wren is sent from heaven to give joy to its shadows. Summer brings to it

many a shy orchid blooming among the ferns. . . .

As I reached its borders, crossing the open meadow, I found the wild roses blooming. It was of these, doubtless, that the veery was singing so bewitchingly. Certainly nothing less fair could have prompted such magic music. Moreover, the veery's nest, framed in nodding osmundas, is near these beautiful blossoms, with many a pool and thicket between it and hard ground. Passing into the darkness of the swamp, I glanced back at the sky. The north and west were filled with black clouds which were stirred by passionate winds in their midst. A low growl of thunder came through the heavy air. I felt as though forbidden to enter the mysteries of the swamp, as though warned that danger lay within those aisles of twilight. The veery ceased its song. No bird voice broke the stillness of the gloom, and a hush of expectation held every leaf motionless. The branches closed behind me and I stole on between lofty trees with mossy trunks, over fallen logs, and through the dripping jungle of ferns. Upland woods are cleaner, stronger, more symmetrical than swamp growth, but they have not the effect of tropical luxuriance which the swamp forest possesses. The mosses, lichens, ferns of many species, climbing vines, and such large-leaved plants as the veratrum and skunk cabbage, give to the moist land an air of wealth of leaf-growth which is distinctive. . . .

For full twenty minutes the trees writhed in the wind, the rain fell, the leaves nodded and shivered under the drops, and the rhythmic roar of the rain was broken irregularly by the thunder. As time passed, the shower slackened, the thunder followed the lightning at longer and longer intervals, the wind seemed to take deeper and less nervous breaths, and I listened to discover what creature of the swamp would first raise its voice above the subsiding storm. A mosquito hovered before me, dodging the drops in its vibratory flight. If it was buzzing I could not hear it. Suddenly a single call from a bluejay came, in a lull of the wind, from a thicket of spruces. "Yoly-'oly," it said, and was silent again. I took a few steps forward, and the shrill alarm-note of a chipmunk sounded through the gloom. I strolled slowly through the drenched and dripping woods fragrant with the perfume of moss and mould. It was more like wading than walking, for every leaf had a drop of cold water ready to give away to whatever first touched it. A ray of sunlight dodged through the lifting clouds and fell into the swamp. The song of a parula warbler, distilled by it, floated back skyward. As the west grew golden and blue, bird-songs sounded from every quarter. The merry chickadees, conversational vireos, and querulous wood pewees vied with each other and the tree-toads in replacing the orchestral passion of the storm by the simple music of their solos.

Leaving the swamp, I climbed the terrace marking the ancient border of the lake, which once included the swamp in its area, and passed through a grove of slender birches and poplars. Their stems, streaming with rain, were as bright as polished marble, and their foliage, illuminated by the clear sunlight, was marvelously green against the deep blue of the sky. Presently a vista opened northward, and at its end rose the dark peak of Chocorua.

—*At the North of Bearcamp Water.*

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

This is the message of Easter—the message of Eternal Faith. At the darkest hour the stone of discouragement is rolled away; despair is lost in glory. And only those whose hope has died a martyr to their doubts, fail to share in the splendor of the resurrection. Expect great things. Those who throw up their hands in discouragement when the first snow falls, fail to profit when the sunshine of spring returns. And no great thing comes to any man unless he has courage, even in dark days, to expect great things; to expect them of himself, of his fellow men, of America and of God.

—*From Cardinal Gibbons' Last Interview.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

You will notice this month the Department is publishing a list of "Appeals" only. Please do not adopt any as *regular correspondents.* There is a waiting list of shut-ins desiring *regular correspondents* and this may be found in the January, February or March issues of the Magazine. Do not adopt any without postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This we ask in order to keep the records correct. At your next Alliance meeting please make a special attempt to interest more Alliance members in adopting a *regular correspondent.* In many instances, our friendly letters are the sole contact with the outside world.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Zinner Roop, Husk, N. C., lives in a remote mountain region, far from church and school. She and her little family get terribly restless and are ravenous for books and magazines. She also asks for sewing materials and bits of lace and ribbon. The boys' ages are 4, 10, 17, 19 and 22 and the girls' are 6, 12 and 14.

2. We had to discontinue our Sunday meetings in the school house because the people would not come. I attended the Baptist Church when I was a girl and it seems hard to live in a neighborhood without a Sunday School. I sure would enjoy good reading for myself and husband, who has heart trouble. My 12 year old daughter would appreciate Bible stories. Mrs. Crosha Smith, Rt. 1, Dayton, Tenn.

3. My invalid mother-in-law and five children keep me confined to the house, and sometimes I become blue and disheartened and wish that I had something to cheer me. I have two girls, 9 and 12 years old, and three boys, 2, 7 and 14. I should like reading matter and fancy work. Mrs. Ernest F. Reynolds, Scotland, Ark.

4. Mrs. Josie Stroud, Cleveland, Ark., is the wife of a struggling, young farmer who labors hard to raise a few crops on an almost barren hillside. When it comes night time, she and her husband like to sit down and read an interesting book or match their wits over a jig-saw puzzle.

Turn to page 114

At the January Cheerful Letter Conference it was suggested that the following *Enrollment Blank* be published, which is a departure from our former method of receiving new members.

GENERAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER LIBERAL CHRISTIAN WOMEN

25 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.

CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

APPLICATION FOR ENROLLMENT

1. Name ..... Husband's Name .....
   Please write names in full
2. Address .....
3. Age.....
4. Number of Children .....Boys .....Girls .....
   Ages .....Ages .....
5. Description of your Neighborhood .....
6. What Church do you attend?.....How regularly?.....
   Name of Minister.....
7. Do you understand that the purpose of the work is the exchange of friendly letters with correspondents and the occasional sending of good reading?.....
8. Do you also understand that clothing and money are never sent, the Exchange not being a Social Service Agency?.....
9. If your application is accepted, do you agree to abide by the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange? .....

Please note. Many people care for this friendly service. We limit our efforts to them and drop from our membership list all others.

Date.....

Mrs. Laura M. Hurst
78 Penfield Street
Roslindale, Mass.

Those wishing to become members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange should apply for an original *Enrollment Blank*. If you wish to be a *regular correspondent* or if you desire only an "Appeal" to be printed, definitely state your preference. Please remember that Appeals for clothing, trading or money cannot be considered.

APPEALS

Forward from page 112

5. I have seven children ranging in age from 12 to 28. I am truly grateful for the Readers Digest which you sent me, and wish that I might have some sugar sacks, bits of thread and reading matter. I am alone so much that I look forward to going to the mail box with the hope that someone has been thinking of me. Mrs. Sarah C. Crist, Rt. 2, Madison Heights, Va.

6. Mrs. John Preslar, Rt. 2, Polkton, N. C., writes that she is the daughter-in-law of a late member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. She is 24 years old and has three little boys, 4, 3 and 1 years old, also a stepson, 11. Magazines and anything for her sewing basket, such as buttons, thread and needles; and pictures and postcards for the children would please her very much.

7. I live in a small, rural village settled years ago by the Quakers. The church still stands and the few remaining members hold services in it. My husband died in 1894 leaving me with three children who are now married and have homes of their own. The *Cheerful Letter Magazine* has been a great help to me for over forty years and I am very thankful for it. I should be grateful for any kind of literature, writing paper or knitting. Mrs. Jane M. Blackburn, Chesterhill, Ohio.

8. Mrs. Pearl Hurley, Grassy Creek, N. C., is the mother of three boys, 1, 3 and 12 years of age, and a daughter 10. In winter it is hard to get about so she does not attend church as regularly as in summer. She would love to have scrapbooks and school materials for the children, and stamped pieces and reading for herself.

9. My little son, 3 years old, and I have recently moved to this thickly wooded country so we are very lonesome, and pray that someone will be good enough to send us magazines, picture books and any kind of sewing material. My little boy is learning his A. B. C.'s and would enjoy some old blocks. Mrs. Rilda Newberry, Rt. 3, Bowie, Tex.

10. Mrs. Mary Newman, Rt. 1, Englewood, Tenn., wishes to be remembered with reading matter and sugar bags. Her 18 year old daughter would like embroidery work and thread. Her mother is old and in bed most of the time. The farming has been very poor, and anything at all would cheer and comfort them.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. LOUIS C. BORCHERDING

HIGHMORE, SO. DAKOTA

1882-1936

"Who would wish back the saints upon our
rough Wearisome road?
Wish back a breathless soul
Just at the goal?
My soul, praise God
For all dear souls which have enough."

REMEMBER

Always remember to forget
The things that made you sad,
But never forget to remember.
The things that made you glad.
Always remember to forget
The friends that proved untrue,
But never forget to remember
Those that have stuck by you.
Always remember to forget
The troubles that passed away
But never forget to remember
The blessings that come each day.

—*Levi Furbush.*

WITH OLAF ON THE MIDNIGHT PATROL

A barren beach. Beetle-like blackness. The roar of wind and wave and rain, a faint blink of light far out upon the sea—rising and falling—the static crackle of sand against a lone slate-gray building.

Inside the Cahoons Hollow Coast Guard Station there is warmth. Red coals glow in a shiny black stove and send out shadow-fingers to snatch at ceiling whiteness. Windows rattle. A weather-lashed door creaks under the thrust of the storm.

Eight bells in quick couplets break in upon the sirens of howling wind and swishing rain. Someone stirs in the bunkroom of the station as the hour of the midnight beach patrol strikes.

"Up, you lubber, up . . . it's time to take our little walk," rumbles a voice. It is swarthy Olaf of the Coast Guard, short and thick and doughty.

I grunt and mumble a weak "What?" and then "Yes, oh, yes . . . all right."

In the snugness of my bunk I had almost forgotten that the one reason I am here at a Coast Guard station is to walk the nine-mile night beach patrol. I had thought it would be a lark!

But I had not exactly bargained for a raging storm, and a seventy-mile-an-hour wind, nor thought of the stinging sand, nor the slap of driving rain. But I cannot back out now.

Olaf hands me a pair of big boots, oilskins, a blue woolen jacket and a "sou'wester." I maneuver into this heavy regalia—not very expertly, for hitherto I have known virtually nothing of the sea or storm.

Through rain-splashed windows, I see the white of boiling waves. Breakers boom against the shore, spray whips along with torrents of rain and wind and sand, sedge grass flattens in the storm.

Olaf smiles as I come clumpety-clump down the wide, wooden stairs, ready to go.

"You sure do look like a real surfman," he grins, scanning the high boots and oilskins.

Olaf carries a clock on a long strap and a canvas bag. He tells me it holds several rocket flares and a flashlight. The flares flash hope to ships in distress, they spell safety to the mariner off his course, they guide vessels in fog and storm. The clock must be "punched" with a key at a post 4½ miles down the beach—our goal.

"All set?" Olaf asks.

"O. K.," I reply.

So out into the night and storm we go. It is 12:15 A. M. by the old brass clock.

As we turn the corner of the station house, the wind catches my broad rubber coat. It almost sweeps me from the slippery ground. Sand burns my face. I can't see ten feet ahead. Olaf's voice is lost in the noise of the night, but finally I hear.

"You stand too straight," he shouts. "Bend over. Bend over!" I lean into the teeth of the storm and make better headway.

We struggle down the beach. The wind blows southeast. I turn my face away from the sea, but Olaf's blue eyes scan the watery murk with keen vision . . . that is his duty. Great waves crash along the shore. They break beneath our feet. Tons of water and débris sweep the sands.

"Look out!" Olaf yells. A wave breaks in cannon roar and we run up the steep sand dunes at our side to escape the grasp of the terrific backrush.

"Better watch those big seas," Olaf warns. They're breakin' fast and the tide's still on the 'in.' "

The night gets colder. Spray freezes to our faces. Rain turns to hail. Lumps as big as rivet heads slap against our stiff rubber coats, and sound like the rat-a-tat-tat of a riveter's gun.

We swing and sway along, monotonously, sometimes stopping in our tracks to get a new brace against the fury of the storm. And so the midnight beach patrol goes on. It is a snail's pace.

"How much farther?" I yell to heavy-booted Olaf.

"Oh, 'bout 'nuther mile or so," he shouts. His voice tingles with the humor of the situation. Olaf walks the beach every night—alone. Tonight he has company—a landlubber. Olaf enjoys the walk while I am dragging every step.

One mile seems like five. Perhaps conversation will help to shorten them. I ask Olaf to tell me something about the patrol.

"We are on the South patrol," the veteran of the Coast Guard replies. "It is one of the worst stretches of

water on Cape Cod. Out by Nauset buoy there are ledges and rocky shoals. Nearer shores are sandbars. I've seen many a ship flounder off here, but we've almost always managed to get to 'em in time, either by breeches buoy or boat."

"Could you launch a boat in that sea?" I ask.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference whether we can or can't. It is our duty to try."

We reach a position which Olaf says is opposite the keypost.

"We're almost there now." He throws a beam of light toward the dunes. "The post is up on top of one of these."

How can he tell? The dunes all look the same, . . . just high, black blots, like stationary waves, at our side.

We climb up over the steep dune to level ground and sedge grass. The firm ground feels good after the soft sand. But now we are without the shelter of the dunes. The wind has hurricane force. Even staid Olaf, with all his nonchalance, remarks casually that " 'tis blowin' quite a bit."

Olaf was right about the keypost and he punches the clock. Half of the beach patrol is over.

"How're you makin' out?" Olaf thoughtfully asks as we head back over the dunes.

"Oh, er, fine, fine," I answer, gritting my teeth.

"Cheer up, old man. 'Twon't be so bad goin' home. Wind's at the leeward now."

But four and a half more miles must still be walked. And the wind is still strong, the sand still stings, and the hail still cuts.

"Aren't we going down to the beach again?" I ask my hardy guide, trying not to show I am being conquered by the roughness of it all. "It was much easier walking under the shelter of the dunes."

"Nope. Got to stick on top of 'em all the way back. Tide's still on the 'in' and we might get caught by one of those seas comin' in there. Don't pay to take chances on this job."

We pass a deserted wireless station, and climb over twisted steel. One of the high towers had finally yielded to the storms.

"Used to be a busy station during the war," Olaf tells me as we walk over the wreckage. "Not much left of it now. Storms are gettin' her as they get everything else down here."

Farther on we pass a colony of bleak summer cottages and hurdle a wire fence.

Suddenly Olaf stops.

"Do you see a light right off here?" he points toward the sea, excitedly.

I look toward the inky waters but see no light. Wait, though, what is that . . . there's a light . . . See . . . no . . . it's gone. But the faint glow appears and disappears, rhythmically.

"It's a ship and she's ridin' in pretty close there!" brawny Olaf exclaims. "She's too close to that bar off to the no'theast. I'll give her the rocket."

Olaf whips open his canvas bag and shoots up the warning flare, a high red fire. Shortly, the ship answers with a similar signal. She has seen the warning light and is changing her course, seaward away from the dangerous bar.

Another deed to be recorded in the Coast Guard's log of unheralded watchfulness.

The excitement of the rocket-shooting dispels my weariness, and the rest of the journey is not so bad as I had anticipated. The storm, however, is still sweeping its wrath across the wild Cape Cod shores as Olaf and I bear on.

When we cross the next dune, there will be one more and a hollow . . . Cahoon's Hollow . . . and then the Coast Guard Station, sturdy Olaf of the sea tells me. These are the most encouraging words he has spoken.

I see the light of the tower-watch first. I had been watching for it just as Olaf was watching the sea. What a cheerful little beam of light it is! It means shelter . . . warmth . . . dryness and a bed.

The old brass clock strikes six bells—

3 A. M.—as Olaf and I climb into our bunks, and we go to sleep with the wind still howling, the hail still beating, and the sand still crackling against a lone slate-gray building.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

SET IN WHITE AND SILVER

The marsh is covered with snow, a white carpet ornamented with silver. The ice-covered pools flash silver lights in the sun. The wires, looped from pole to pole at the end of the road, hang like shining silver ropes meant for festive decoration. Snow-covered roofs gleam in the distance. The wings of the white gulls make faint fluttering shadows on the snowy carpet of the marsh. One little stream, its waters running free, its silvery ripples glittering against the snow, lies like a sparkling silver thread on white velvet.

The white trees stand withdrawn in powdery, misty masses; phantom trees in a snowy mystery. A mound covered with small, snow-covered trees looks like a pattern of delicate dull silver engraved on a bright background. One large, ice-covered tree, perfect in symmetry, stands stiffly as though made of glass, every branch outlined with silver, flashing beauty in the sunlight. Another tree, its snowy branches drooping gracefully, seems a dream tree in some fairyland, laden with pure white blossoms; a tree abloom with loveliness from tiny top twigs down to wide, outspreading branches. A tall pine tree points its head toward the blue sky, its dark branches powdered with white. A group of young trees at the further boundary of the marsh cast long, graceful shadows on the banks of snow at their feet. Their delicate, interwoven branches, covered with snow, form a lacy frieze between the white marsh and the vast pale sky.

Wide, unbroken stretches of snow gleam whitely, silvery branches flash in the morning sunshine, white wings wander between snow and sky, icy pools and sparkling streamlets scintillate in the bright light. The marsh is set in white and silver.

THE COMING OF SPRING

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
  The brook is brown in its bed,
Rain from the cloud is streaming,
  And the bow bends overhead;
The charm of the Winter is broken!
  The last of the spell is said.
The eel in the pond is quickening,
  The grayling leaps in the stream;
What if the clouds are thickening?
  See how the meadows gleam.
The spell of the Winter is shaken:
  The world awakes from a dream.
The fir puts out green fingers,
  The pear tree softly blows,
The rose in her dark bower lingers,
  But her curtain will soon enclose,
And the lilac will shake her ringlets
  Over the blush of the rose.
The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
  The woods are beginning to ring,
Rain from the cloud is streaming;
  There, where the Bow doth cling,
Summer is smiling afar off,
  Over the shoulder of Spring.

—*Robert William Buchanan* (1841-1901).

THE PARABLE OF THE ACORN

I pluck an acorn from the greensward and hold it to my ear; and this is what it says to me:

"By and by the birds will come and nest in me. By and by I will furnish shade for the cattle. By and by I will provide warmth for the home in the pleasant fire. By and by I will be the shelter from the storm to those who have gone under the roof. By and by I will be the strong ribs of the great vessel and the tempest will bear against me in vain, while I carry men across the Atlantic."

O foolish little acorn, wilt thou be all this? I ask.

"YES: GOD AND I."

—*Lyman Abbott.*

It takes courage to live—courage and strength and hope and humor. And courage and strength and hope and humor have to be bought and paid for with pain and work and prayers and tears. —*Anon.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TELL ME A STORY

They were a minister's family—hard-working, high-thinking, plain-living, enjoying to the full every pleasure that came their way. When Father could spare time from his crowding parsonage duties, he told them tales—of his own boyhood, of their English grandfather and great-grandfather. Most beloved of all was the true story of "Jenny Buck-Tooth" and the fortune that might have been theirs. The children never tired of hearing it, as their father had heard it first-hand from his father, and when he finished they sat about the table, lost in an orgy of imaginative spending. Millions rightfully theirs lying in the Bank of England—when Mother needed a Sunday coat and Ethel ached for dancing lessons, when Anne had seen the darlingest dress in Warner's window and Jack asked only a chance to become an architect! As for Will, he would quit school, hire a tutor, and travel all over Europe on the royal road to learning. Think of having a maid—or two—or three—a lovely home, no more housework, plenty of books for Father, concerts and trips and—and—

Until Father, calm and unworldly, pricked the bubble with: "Well, if we'd had all that money, we might never have made anything of ourselves."

Jenny Buck-Tooth

As remembered by a descendant of Captain William Henry Harrison

Grandfather was only a little boy, living in a small English town, but he well remembered his Uncle William Henry Harrison, adventurer, rover, and sea captain, with neither wife nor family, whose voyaging had brought him a modest wealth which he never stayed home long enough to enjoy. He was a romantic figure to his sister's children, and the whole family felt honored when he took a special fancy to Grandfather's brother, only a few years older. Indeed, the Captain grew so fond of him that he offered to make him his heir if the mother would allow the child to accompany him on his next sea trip.

It was a hard decision for a mother to make. Ocean travel was a risky business in those days, with none of our modern comforts, and her boy so young. Yet had she the right to deprive him of a fortune that might mean everything when he grew to manhood?

At last, against her mother-love, she consented. The bag was packed, Uncle William Henry Harrison arrived, ready to sail; crying, Mother put on Brother's coat and hat and kissed him good-by, and the tall figure and the short one went out the front door together. But they were only a few steps away when Mother ran out, calling after them to come back. She had changed her mind. She couldn't do it. The child would have to stay home.

Grandfather used to say he could never forget Uncle William's face as he picked up Brother, strode back into the house, and set him down on the table with a thump. Then, without a word, he turned and left the house.

They never saw him again.

For, as fate would have it, Captain Harrison's ship was lost at sea, and he with it. Before he left, however, he had intrusted to his sister's care a small pearl-studded box, a treasure in itself, but containing something of far more value—the deeds to his property. When the news of his loss came, the pearl box was safe in the family's possession, but the estate had first to go into Chancery, the English law courts, until death had been fully established and various legal matters duly observed. There was no doubt that eventually the inheritance would be theirs. But meantime it was long waiting and things were not going so well, so the father decided to try his fortunes in America, going ahead, as was customary, to make a home in the strange land for his family, who were to follow when all was well.

But before he could send for them his wife was taken ill. She grew worse, and died, without ever seeing her hus-

band again. Everything — children, family possessions, and the pearl box—fell into the care of a middle-aged woman, half servant, half family friend, a little queer in her ways, but conscientious and faithful. Her name was Jenny, and she had only one tooth left in her head, so the boys, great teasers, like all boys, called her "Jenny Buck-Tooth." The nickname stuck, nor did Jenny love the young pests any better for it.

However, whatever her thoughts, she took capable charge of the little motherless group, packed up everything with care—including the pearl box—and set sail for America, where the father anxiously awaited his family.

Grandfather's chief memory of the ocean trip seemed to be that he and his brothers teased Jenny Buck-Tooth all the way, and that Jenny played favorites, buttering the biscuits for those of the children she fancied and handing them out dry to those she did not.

At last the long trip was over and they set foot on American soil. Jenny delivered children and family possessions safely into their father's hands—and disappeared!

At first they thought she was only lost in the crowd on the wharf, but searching proved useless. Jenny Buck-Tooth had gone for good—and with her the pearl box holding the papers to Uncle William Henry Harrison's estate!

Whether she knew their value or whether she merely sold the pearls for what she could get, whether she had planned it all from the beginning or whether the teasing had proved too much for her, nobody ever knew. Jenny Buck-Tooth had vanished—and with her the family's hope of a small fortune.

America was a vast place, with neither detective agencies nor telephones nor any of the easy communication of modern times. It was almost impossible to find a lost person who chose to stay lost, and, though the father made all the investigations he could, not a trace was ever found of Jenny or the pearl box or the papers.

He and his sons and his sons's sons continued to spend what money they could, first in the search, then when that hope was abandoned, in sending lawyers back to England to establish the family's claim to the estate of Captain William Henry Harrison, lying idle in Chancery and growing richer year by year.

It was no use. The courts accepted the proof of direct descent from William Henry Harrison, but the papers verifying the Captain's ownership of his estate—where were they?

So the entire fortune—millions and millions of dollars by this time—has reverted, "unclaimed," to the British Government. Not one of those teasing boys nor any other descendant of Captain William Henry Harrison has ever touched a penny.

Poor old Jenny Buck-Tooth has had a sweet revenge.

—Harriet Eager Davis in The Outlook.

GOD'S WAY OF TALKING

Listen to silence, says Jack-in-the-pulpit,
Under his shy canopy.
Listen to flowers and stars!
Listen to leaves—
Delicate leaves of hemlock;
Leaves re-echoed in waters!
Listen to waters
Where the pine boles drop
Clean and deep and unbroken
As their lines on the sky above them!
"There is no speech nor language
Their voice is not heard—"
Silence is just God's way of talking!

—Allen E. Cross.

It was in a Texas town and the noon whistle in a canning factory was blowing. A hungry darky saw the workers troop forth, tin pails in their hands. He fetched a deep, sincere Afro-American sigh out of the innermost of his being, and then remarked half to himself and half for the benefit of any charitable bystanders:

"Dar she go. Dinner-time fur some folkses . . . but jest twelve o'clock fur me."

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A dreary place would this earth be
  Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
  Were there no children to begin it.
No little forms, like buds, to grow,
  And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
  To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.
The sterner souls would grow more stern,
  Unfeeling nature more inhuman;
And man to stoic coldness turn,
  And woman would be less than woman.
Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm
  Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
  Were there no little people in it.

WHAT TOMMY LEARNED

"Well, Tommy," asked a small boy's uncle, "and what did you learn in school to-day?"

"I learned a lot of things," replied Tommy proudly. "And one of them was that this world is round and turns on a swivel thing like the great big globe in the schoolroom."

"Did you, sonny?" exclaimed uncle, in pretended surprise. "And what do you think of that, now?"

"I think," answered Tommy, in slow and thoughtful tones, "that the teacher is asking me to believe a good lot for a small boy."

If you your ears would keep from jeers,
Five things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I and mine and my
And what "I said and did."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
MRS. ELBRIDGE F. STONEHAM, *Secretary*, Canton, Mass.
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Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

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